


By Frank H. Shaw

"And who's to blame if they're almost animals?" asked Mrs. Hapshott, taking up the gauntlet valiantly. "You men like you. They work, they eat, and they sleep—because you think that living so they're kept out of mischief. You've depraved them; you've made them low. If they were treated like men, they'd

you for a favor, Hiram; but—somehow with Christmas drawing near, I feel as if I want to see it kept as I should be kept. There's a something within me tells me that this Christmas isn't going to be like others—and yet—it can only be different if I make it different. That's why I want you to do as I ask."



Even the greasy cook, a man for

cul of speech and unclean habits, f

found himself the possessor of a



sleeved waistcoat knitted out o

"Unto us a child is given," says Mrs. Hapshott solemnly. "Hiram, the Lord's Christmas present to God and me."

